

Plucke the graue wrinkled Senate from the Bench;
And minister in their steeds, to generall Filches.
Conuert o'th' Instant Greene Virginity,
Doo't in your Parents eyes. Bankrupt, hold fast
Rather then render backe; out with your Knives,
And cut your Trusters throates. Bound Seruants, steale,
Large-handed Robbers your graue Masters are,
And pill by Law. Maide, to thy Masters bed,
Thy Mistis is o'th' Brothell. Some of sixteen,
Plucke the lyn'd Crutch from thy old limping Sire,
With it, beate out his Braines. Piety, and Feare,
Religion to the Gods, Peace, Iustice, Truth,
Domesticke awe, Night-rest, and Neighbour-hood,
Instruction, Manners, Mysteries, and Trades,
Degrees, Obseruances, Customes, and Lawes,
Decline to your confounding contraries.
And yet Confusion liue: Plagues incident to men,
Your potent and infectious Feauors, heape
On Athens ripe for stroke. Thou cold Sciatica;
Cripple our Senators, that their limbes may halt
As lamely as their Manners. Lust, and Libertie
Creepe in the Mindes and Marrowes of our youth,
That 'gainst the fireame of Vertue they may strue,
And drowne themselves in Riot. Itches, Blaines,
Sowe all th' Athenian bosomes, and their crop
Be generall Leprosie: Breath, infect breath,
That their Society (as their Friendship) may
Be mecerely poyson. Nothing Ile beate from thee
But nakednesse, thou detestable Towne;
Take thou that too, with multiplying Bannes:
Timon will to the Woods, where he shall finde
Th'vnrindest Beast, more kinder then Mankinde.
The Gods confound (heare me you good Gods all)
Th'Athenians both within and out that Wall:
And graunt as Timon growes, his hate may grow
To the whole race of Mankinde, high and low.
Amen.

Enter Steward with two or three Seruants.

Stew. Heare you M. Steward, where's our Master?
Are we vndone, cast off, nothing remaining?
Stew. Alack my Fellowes, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous Gods,
I am as poore as you.

1 Such a House broke?
So Noble a Master false, all gone, and not
One friend to take his Fortune by the arme,
And go along with him.

2 As we do turne our backs
From our Companion, throwne into his graue,
So his Familiars to his buried Fortunes
Slinke all away, leaue their false vowes with him
Like empty purses pickt; and his poore selfe
A dedicated Beggar to the Ayre,
With his diseale, of all shunn'd paupertie,
Walkes like contempt alone. More of our Fellowes.

Enter other Seruants.

Stew. All broken Implements of a ruin'd house.
3 Yet do our hearts weare Timons Liury,
That see I by our Faces: we are Fellowes still,
Seruing alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our Barke,
And we poore Mates, stand on the dying Decke,
Hearing the Surges threat: we must all part
Into this Sea of Ayre.

Stew. Good Fellowes all,

The latest of my wealth Ile share among't you.
Where euer we shall meete, for Timons sake,
Let's yet be Fellowes. Let's shake our heads, and say
As 'twere a Knell vnto our Masters Fortunes,
We haue seene better dayes. Let each take some:
Nay put out all your hands: Not one word more,
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poore.

Embrace and part severall wayes.

Oh the fierce wretchednesse that Glory brings vs!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since Riches point to Misery and Contempt?
Who would be so mock'd with Glory, or to liue
But in a Dreame of Friendship,
To haue his pompe, and all what state compounds,
But onely painted like his varnish'd Friends:
Poore honest Lord, brought lowe by his owne heart,
Vndone by Goodnesse: Strange vnusuall blood,
When mans worst sinne is, He do's too much Good.
Who then dares to be halfe so kinde agen?
For Bounty that makes Gods, do still marre Men.
My dearest Lord, blest to be most accurst,
Rich onely to be wretched; thy great Fortunes
Are made thy cheefe Afflictions. Alas (kinde Lord)
Hee's slung in Rage from this ingratefull Seate
Of monstrous Friends:
Nor ha's he with him to supply his life,
Or that which can command it:
Ile follow and enquire him out.
Ile euer serue his minde, with my best will,
Whilst I haue Gold, Ile be his Steward still.

Exit.

Enter Timon in the woods.

Tim. O blessed breeding Sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity: below thy Sisters Orbe
Infect the ayre. Twin'd Brothers of one wombe,
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
Scarfe is diuidant; touch them with severall fortunes,
The greater scornes the lesser. Not Nature
(To whom all fores say siege) can beare great Fortune
But by contempt of Nature.
Raife me this Begger, and deny't that Lord,
The Senators shall beare contempt Hereditary,
The Begger Native Honor.
It is the Pastour Lards, the Brothers sides,
The want that makes him leaue: who dares? who dares
In puritie of Manhood stand vpright
And say, this mans a Flatterer. If one be,
So are they all: for euerie grize of Fortune
Is smooth'd by that below. The Learned pate
Duckes to the Golden Foole. All's oblique:
There's nothing leuell in our cursed Natures
But direct villanie. Therefore be abhorr'd,
All Feasts, Societies, and Throngs of men.
His semblable, yea himselfe Timon disdaines,
Destruction phang mankind; Earth yeeld me Rootes,
Who seekes for better of thee, sawce his palate
With thy most operant Poyson. What is heere?
Gold? Yellow, glittering, precious Gold?
No Gods, I am no idle Votarist,
Roots you cleere Heauens, Thus much of this will make
Blacke, white; fowle, faire; wrong, right;
Base, Noble; Old, young; Coward, valiant.
Ha you Gods! why this? what this, you Gods? why this
Will lugge your Priests and Seruants from your sides:
Plucke stout mens pillows from below their heads.

This

This yellow Slaue,
Will knit and breake Religions, blesse th' accurst,
Make the hoare Leprosie ador'd, place Theeues,
And giue them Title, knee, and approbation
With Senators on the Bench: This is it
That makes the wappen'd Widdow wed againe;
Shee, whom the Spittle-house, and vicerous sores,
Would cast the gorge at. This Embalmes and Spices
To'th' Aprill day againe. Come damn'd Earth,
Thou common whore of Mankinde, that puttest odde
Among the rout of Nations, I will make thee
Do thy right Nature. *March afarre off.*
Hear A Drumme? Th'art quick,
But yet lie bury thee: Thou' go (strong Theefe)
When Gowry keepers of thee cannot stand:
Nay stay thou out for earnest.

*Enter Alcibiades with Drumme and wife in warlike manner,
and Phrynia and Timandra.*

Alc. What art thou there? speake.

Tim. A Beast as thou art. The Canker gnaw thy hart
For shewing me againe the eyes of Man.

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hatefull to thee,
That art thy selfe a Man?

Tim. I am *Misanthropos*, and hate Mankinde.

For thy part, I do with thou wert a dogge,
That I might loue thee something.

Alc. I know thee well:

Bur in thy Fortunes am vlearnd, and strange.

Tim. I know thee too, and more then that I know thee
I not desire to know. Follow thy Drumme,
With mans blood paint the ground Gules, Gules:
Religious Cannons, ciuill Lawes are cruell,
Then what should warre be? This fell whore of thine,
Hath in her more destruction then thy Sword,
For all her Cherubin looke.

Phry. Thy lips rot off.

Tim. I will not kisse thee, then the rot returnes
To thine owne lippes againe.

Alc. How came the Noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the Moone do's, by wanting light to giue:
But then renew I could not like the Moone,
There were no Sunnes to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon, what friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to maintaine my opinion.

Alc. What is it Timon?

Tim. Promise me Friendship, but performe none.
If thou wilt not promise, the Gods plague thee, for thou
art a man: if thou do'st performe, confound thee, for
thou art a man.

Alc. I haue heard in some sort of thy Miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperitie.

Alc. I see them now, then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of Harlots.

Timan. Is this th'Athenian Minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.

Tim. Be a whore still, they loue thee not that vse thee,
giue thee diseases, leauing with thee their Lust. Make
vse of thy salt houres, season the slaues for Tubbes and
Batches, bring downe Rose-checkt youth to the Fubfast,
and the Diet.

Timan. Hang thee Monster.

Alc. Pardon him sweet Timandra, for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his Calamities.

I haue but little Gold of late, braue Timon,
The want whereof, doth dayly make reuolt
In my penurious Band. I haue heard and greeu'd
How cursed Athens, mindelesse of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when Neighbour States
But for thy Sword and Fortune trod vpon them.

Tim. I prythee beate thy Drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy Friend, and pity thee deere Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him whom y dost trouble,
I had rather be alone.

Alc. Why fare thee well:

Heere is some Gold for thee.

Tim. Keepe it, I cannot eate it.

Alc. When I haue laid proud Athens on a heape.

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens.

Alc. I Timon, and haue cause.

Tim. The Gods confound them all in thy Conquest,
And thee after, when thou hast Conquer'd.

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That by killing of Villaines

Thou wast borne to conquer my Country.

Put vp thy Gold. Go on, heeres Gold, go on;

Be as a Planetary plague, when Ioue

Will o're some high-Vic'd City, hang his poyson

In the sick ayre: let not thy sword skip one:

Pitty not honour'd Age for his white Beard,

He is an Vsurer. Strike me the counterfet Matron,

It is her habite onely, that is honest,

Her selfe's a Bawd. Let not the Virgins cheekes

Make soft thy trenchant Sword: for those Milke pappes

That through the window Barne bore at mens eyes,

Are not within the Lease of pity writ,

But set them down horrible Traitors. Spare not the Babe

Whose dimpled smiles from Fooles exhaust their mercy;

Thinke it a Bastard, whom the Oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounced, the throat shall cut,

And mince it fans remorie. Swear against Obiects,

Put Armour on thine eares, and on thine eyes,

Whose proole, nor yels of Mothers, Maides, nor Babes,

Nor sight of Priests in holy Vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a iot. There's Gold to pay thy Souldiers,

Make large confusion: and thy fury spent,

Confounded be thy selfe. Speake not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou Gold yet, Ile take the Gold thou gi-
uest me, nor all thy Counsell.

Tim. Dost thou or dost thou not, Heauens curse vpon
thee.

Both. Giue vs some Gold good Timon, hast y more?

Tim. Enough to make a Whore forswear her Trade,

And to make Whores, a Bawd. Hold vp you Sluts

Your Aprons mountant; you are not Othable,

Although I know you'll sweare, terribly sweare

Into strong shudders, and to heavenly Agues

Th'immortall Gods that heare you. Spare your Oathes:

Ile trust to your Conditions, be whores still.

And he whose pious breath seekes to conuert you,

Be strong in Whore, allure him, burne him vp,

Let your close fire predominate his smoke,

And be no turne-coats: yet may your paines six months

Be quite contrary. And Thatch

Your poore thin Roofes with burthens of the dead,

(Some that were hang'd) no matter:

Weare them, betray with them; Whore still,

Paint till a horse may myre vpon your face:

A pox of wrinkles.

Both. Well, more Gold, what then?

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Beleeue't